court Club Members Sail for England to Ramor that the Stable Where the Carney. McAuliffe Fight Occurred Would Have Been Fired Had Not the Contest Stopped.



PORTS from the Battery to Harlem listened eagerly yesterday to lucky New Yorkers who saw the Carney-McAuliffe battle, Even Jack Dempsey, who still claims McAuliffe is plucky, told THE World man he thought Carney would win in an hour had the battle been under prize-ring rules. Jack says McAuliffe was hit too low. If he was he couldn't have run to his room in the hotel

so quickly as soon as the battle was over, and he would be in a dangerous predicament indeed. A man in Clinton, Mass., who ten years ago got a blow where McAuliffe claimed he was struck died in terrible agony less than thirty-six hours afterwards.

He can beat E. C. Carter in a five-hour run, or Charlie Rowell either," said Billy Tracey, speaking of McAuliffe's tactics yes-"I bet he'd jump the bloody ropes if they were twenty feet high," said Arthur Chambers "if he fought Carney in a sixteenfoot ring." Eugene Comiskey, McAuliffe's stanchest supporter on the New York side, had to admit as he left the ring Wednesday morning, his man had a big bad streak in him. Ned Plummer, who, until the sixtieth round, stuck to his faith in the Brooklynite's gameness, turned to THE WORLD representative, as he saw Mac try to catch Carney by the heels and throw him, and said: "He's the rankest quitter I ever saw." The World's evening edition had a tremendous sale on Wednesday, and its account of the mill was the recognized authority.

When Ben Benton, the Boston sporting reporter, kept reiterating during the last round of the Carney-McAuliffe "It's no use going on before that referee; he said three hours ago he wouldn't allow any fouls," a disgusted listener exclaimed: "If he had to break any of his bones it was a pity it wasn't his jaw." Benton creates as much amusement in his way as the Belfast Spider who dresses his spindle shanks in the lightest of breeches and wears a colored silk scarf and jockey cap wherever he goes. Benton staid the fight out broken arm, notwithstanding, and Dempsey says he tried to run his stick down a hackman's throat at the finish because the hackman told him he was sorry his man, McAuliffe, got licked.

Jimmy McKohen, of Boston, ex-friend of the "big fellow," had a little fun for all by himself in the same ring with the light-weight champions. Some big innocont, who got into a squabble with him, got roughly put out of the ring and badly punished about the body down near the Carney corner of the ring at the very moment the fighters and spectators were wrangling up in the Brook-lyn man's corner.

Billy Reed, who says he has \$750, while Mr. For has only \$250, in the Reagan side of the stakes for the battle with Jack Dempsey, claims he is not a bit afraid to go on with the match. He offers to bet all comers \$75 against \$100 on the result of the battle. Billy Edwards bet \$10 even on this fight with a New York Athletic Club man last night. Billy says he would like to bet some more on Reagan at the same rate.

Al. Smith says he'll bet McAuliffe couldn't be pulled into a ring with Carney again if his backers owned a log-chain.

Jack Dempsey, the invincible middle-weight, tried to show McAuliffe how to stop Carney's infighting, but it didn't work. Jack says he told Mac to grab both Carney's shoulders and hold on to them as soon as there was a clinch, and the Englishman couldn't punish. "No more he would have," said the Nonpareil, "but McAuliffe didn't eatch him right. He used to hold one shoulder well enough, but he would grab him under the arm with the other hand, so one of the man's arms was always free." Comptroller-Elect Theodore W. Myers guards his handsome watch with a heavy chain of Roman gold. A locket of antique design adds to the beauty of the chain.

A long, unpretentious chain fastened in the top buttonhole of James M. Seymour's high curve to the watch in the lower left hand blows of the man who had conquered him, but he couldn't do it any more than he could fly. Jack says McAuliffe always started his swings too high up. Carney certainly always stopped them or got under them. "Mitchell and Burke are very clever swinging in their lefts," said Dempsey; "its a sort of a half upper cut."

Comptroller-Elect Theodore W. Myers guards his handsome watch with a heavy chain of Roman gold. A locket of antique design adds to the beauty of the chain.

A long, unpretentious chain fastened in the top buttonhole of James M. Seymour's high curve to the watch in the lower left hand pocket.

S. V. White will take to Congress with him the long chain of woven gold which persists in knotting itself over his ample waistocat in frequently gets entangled with his slender eye-glass chain.

John Bloodgood, the most fashionably dressed man in the Stock Exchange, wears a double chain of thick rectangular links, from the could find the country of the chain.

A long unpretentious chain fastened in the top buttonhole of James M. Seymour's high curve to the watch in the lower left hand pocket.

"Mr. O'Houlhan,stood on one side of the fence and received the boxes as they were poised on the fence and received the boxes as they were poised on the fence and received the boxes as they were poised on the fence and received the boxes as they were poised on the fence and received the boxes as they were poised on the fence and received the boxes as they were poised on the fence and received the boxes were poised on the fence and received the boxes were poised on the fence and received the boxes were poised on the fence and received the boxes were poised on the fence and received the boxes were poised on the fence and received the boxes were po

It was rumored about town yesterday that the McAuliffe party were bound to stop the fight, which was going so rapidly against them, at any cost. A man who is in the confidence of the Brooklyn man's backers says the stable in which the battle took place would have been set on fire had the mill gone on two rounds more. An inkling of this plot is said to have reached the proprietor, and he wouldn't let the contest go any further.

Four Racquet Club members have sailed for England to see the Kilrain-Smith prize-fight.

Try Riker's Expectorant

for your cough. If it does not cure you it costs you nothing, as your money is returned. But it will cure you. Frepared only by WM. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemista, 385 6th avo. near 25d et., where they have been established 22 years. For bottle (half pint), 60 cents. All their preparations sold on same conditions. Issist on having RIKER'S EXPROTORANT and you are sore of perfect satisfaction. Sold almost everywhere.

TID-KITS ENOUGH TO GO ROUND. MRS. O'HOULIHAN IN THE WAY.

ERTAIN delicacies on the bill of fare always suggest problems to the thoughtful reader. One does occasionally read a bill of fare thoughtfully. Sweet-breads, chicken livers en brochette or sautes, steaks and filet de boeuf

are some of these viands. They move one to ask: Where do they all come from? No chicken outside of a dime museum has its organization equipped with more than one liver. Yet the number of livers found in a dish which you may of livers found in a dish which you may order it would require a barnyard to supply. Then it takes one large calf to furnish a moderately extensive sweetbread, and the tenderest cow that ever walked is not wholly compacted of tenderloin. "The more's the pity," but the fact remains that a great fat bovine that tips the beam at a thousand pounds doesn't carry more than eighty pounds of choice meat on its frame.

Where do the first-class hotels and restaurants, then, get this plentiful supply of tidbits?

bits?

It must be remembered that not every-body, even at the best hotels and restaurants, orders these delicacies. There are plenty of grown-up people in New York who have never caten a sweetbread. So these epicurean items on the menu do not have to be furnished in the same proportion as the more common ones. Then another is that the bill of fare does not contain these things every day. every day.

Thus at the Astor House, where Mr. Keith supplies the guests with not only the choicest things, but the best of these choice things, chicken livers are to be had only every third the choice that the choice the choice of the choice of the choice things.

day or so. The six or seven dozen fowls bought daily furnish a goodly quantity of livers each day, and for the off days they are put on ice and kept at a temperature that would make an Esquimaux shiver. When the day for the chicken livers comes there are livers galore.

the day for the chicken livers comes there are livers galore.

So with the sweetbreads. This delicious morsel may be larger or smaller, but most of them are enough to furnish two portions. In the Astor House bill of fare this appetizing dish is scheduled at seventy-five cents. It is not like Sam Weller's "weal pie" either, "werry fillen' for the price."

There are dealers who buy up the sweetbreads, and to them the limited list of customers for the article can go and find plenty. A poultry shop usually keeps sweetbreads.

Porterhouse steak single costs \$1, and

breads.

Porterhouse steak single costs \$1, and double \$1.50, at good restaurants. But this is a solid substantial meal in itself, besides being one of the most palatable. It is the flower of the meat and comes from the short loin of the beef. The cheaper restaurants sell only the hip. Seven ribs from where the short loin is cut off are the choice one, and many of the most noted restaurants get these only.

many of the most noted restaurants get these only.

This section of the meat is divided by a bone and this bone, with the meat on both sides, is the porterhouse steak. The smaller piece is the tenderloin and the the larger the sirlon. Filet de bouf is the same meat as the tenderloin, cut in a different manner.

The hotels and large institutions usually purchase their meat of one butcher, who sells great quantities. The uptown butchers have a round of regular customers for whom the daintier parts of the meat are preserved. So, by a division in their customers, the larger number are supplied with the commoner and cheaper parts, and the wealthy and smaller number can secure the delicacies, which are rarer. In this way everybody is satisfied.

ACROSS BROKERS' WAISTCOATS.

Douglass Green wears a small gold watch-chain, from the bar end of which depends a child's gold ring.

Commodors A. E. Bateman wears a double gold chain of small links, which hangs in two graceful curves on either side of his waist-coat buttonhole.

William M. Tewksbury's waistcoat is adorned by a heavy chain of twisted gold links which runs in a straight line from buttonhole to pocket. Thomas Holmes, one of the sewil room traders, exhibits an elaborate watchchain of

gold and platinum, from which swings a heavy gold sphere. There is nothing in Addison Cammack's watchguard indicative of the great wealth of the big bear. It is a simple gold affair without a ring or charm.

out a ring or charm.

When Henry Clews delivers his occasional

lecture on the market to his enraptured cus-tomers a simple chain of tiny gold links is displayed on his black waistcoat.

Comptroller-Elect Theodore W. Myers guards his handsome watch with a heavy chain of Roman gold. A locket of antique design adds to the beauty of the chain.

John Bloodgood, the most fashionably dressed man in the Stock Exchange, wears a double chain of thick rectangular links, from the middle of which sways a gold locket with a sparkling diamond in the centre.

Deserved Rest.

[From Puck.] onths ago. I had made an ample fortune in the hardware line, and I thought that I had earned

Just then a messenger boy opened the door and said: 'St. Paul off five points.'
'Great Scott' shouted the retired business man: 'another ten thousand gone!"

At the Masquerade.

[From Judge.]
Marguerite (Mrs. Sicard)—I enjoyed the waltz Mephistopheles (Mr. Sleard)—How did you know me, Etnel ! Isn't my disguise good?"
Marguerite—Excellent, Tom; but you must re-member that you are the only man in the world who mixes gin with his sherry and bitters.

A CRITICAL TIME IN IRVING HALL'S HIS-TORY IN THE SECOND DISTRICT.

Built by a German Carpenter in an Aller Only Other Exit Guarded by an Adherent



the Irving Hall Gen\_

nakd. There was no an swer, and the Hon. John Stacom's face became nale as he stammered : "Great heav-

ens! have we forgotten to order boxes? Why, it will kill Irving Hall in the Fourth and Sixth wards if we do not have boxes at every polling place! Who is to blame for this neglect? We have got to have them, or we won't get any votes." A committee was forthwith appointed to

have the boxes made. The committee visited a carpenter on Centre street. He was too busy on the Tammany Hall contract to undertake another. A carpenter on Pearl street was hammering away at the County Democracy boxes, while a Duane street car-

pernorracy boxes, while a Duale street carpenter was nailing together the boxes for the
Republicans.

The Irving Hall committee was about to
give up in despair, when a German carpenter, whose shop is in the rear of a New
Chambers street tenement, was found. He
agreed to make the Irving Hall boxes if the
Hon, John Stacom would furnish the lumber.

The Hon. John Stacom furnished a truck load of planks. The truck was backed up to a narrow alleyway which led to the shop of the German carpenter. The planks were carried through the narrow alleyway and the German carpenter began work on twenty-eight boxes at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning. He told the Hon. John Stacom that he would distribute the boxes before 5 A. M. on election day.

The Hon. John Stacom was up fong aneau of the sun on Tuesday. Nov. 8, marshalling the Irving Hall army of the Second Assembly District. Five o'clock came, but no boxes. Half-past 5, and no boxes. At 5.45 the Hon. John Stacom was walking

Half-past 5, and no boxes.

At 5.45 the Hon. John Stacom was walking through the alleyway that led to the shop of the German carpenter. When the Hon. John Stacom reached the yard he saw twenty-eight boxes piled up in heaps. The Hon. John Stacom's yells and whistles reached the ears of the German carpenter, who rushed from his breakfast table.

"What's the matter with you?" ejaculated the Hon. John Stacom. "Why havn't you distributed these boxes? You have got us in a nice hole! Hurry up and get them out!"

"Vell, how can 1? Dey is too pig to go drough der alleyway ride away," was the placid reply.

The Hon. John Stacom pulled a valve rope and a blue streak of vapor was emitted from his windpipe for ten minutes without a break. He saw what had happened.

The German carpenter had made the boxes 3 feet by 2 feet 10 inches, while the alley was only 2 feet 8 inches in width, and there was no way to get the boxes into the street. The Hon. John Stacom was equal to the emergency.

"The water over into the next ward" he gency. Throw them over into the next yard," he

"Throw them over into the next yard," he shouted, "and be quick about it."
One box had gone over the fence, when a red-haired, middle-aged woman rushed out and asked: "Is them Tammany Hall boxes?"
She was told that they belonged to Irving

Hall.

"Be the powers that be," she yelled, "I'll not allow any trespassing or transgressing here in me yard." and she shook a clothesline pole at the Hon. John Stacom.

"Is your name O'Houlihan?" asked the Hon. John Stacom.

"It is sorr."

Hon. John Stacom.

"It is, sorr."

"Why, I know your husband. He is a fine man and one of Alderman Divver's friends."

"He is, sorr."

"Mrs. O'Houlihan, we are going to do all we can for Alderman Divver. His tickets will be run out of every one of those boxes if we can get them out of here. They are too big to go through the alleyway."

Mrs. O'Houlihan stood on one side of the fence and received the boxes as they were poised on the fence by the Hon. John Stacom. When she had lifted over the last one she exclaimed:

[From Foliaire.]
In a cheap Paris restaurant. " What the devil are you doing, waiter? Why, you are actually wiping my plate with your pocket-hankerchief."
"Oh, never mind, sir; it's a soiled one."

Did Not Know Him. [From the Burlington Free Press.]
Dumpsey—I understand that Bigsby is over ear

in debt. Biobson—Huh! guess you never saw his ears. Married and Single. [From Harper's Basar.] When first engaged She used to write On monogram paper Of creamy waite.

> But since we're married-It's rather hard— She says all she needs On a postal-card.

"I have spoken to no one, father," I an-

Margaret."
"It will not kill me until I have done my
"It will not kill me until I have done my
"Your

to his. Therefore—are you listening?—I shall marry St. John's father."
There was not an atom of color left in my father's face as his hands dropped.
"I cannot allow it—never."
I drew up a chair and sat down before him.
"Father, you must not only allow it, but you must intimate to him that if he seeks me again his suit will not be rejected," I answered, steadily. "Do you not see that I shall then have the man who has placed me beneath the heel of his pride at my mercy? He has never dreamed that he had a rival in his own father, and he must not dream it until I enter their house as its mistress."

"Your courage will fail; I cannot doom you to such a life."
"It is all that is left for me. Be revenged, I will; make him suffer, I must and can, for he loves me more than he thinks of now. If I lose my soul, I must accomplish this:"

Six months afterward I entered the mansion

Gold the Only Style Yet Devleed to Set Off Oll Paintings Properly.

"Why don't you make any improvement in picture frames?" an Evening World reporter asked of one of the leading art dealers in this city. Narrow gilt frames, broad gilt frames, shal-

low gilt frames, deep gilt frames, gilt frames

low gilt frames, deep gilt frames, gilt frames in dull gold, gilt frames in burnished gold, gilt frames in ormolu, gilt frames with elaborately carved borders, variety enough of frames, but one and all of the frames for paintings were gilt, just as the reporter had seen them in his remote youth.

"There is improvement," replied the dealer. "We make better gilt frames than we used to do. To make them anything but gilt, however, would be no improvement. No other kind of frame goes with an oil painting. The rich border of gold only sets off the coloring of the picture. A dark wooden frame alters the color-key, and frequently injures the artist's work very materially. You can't get better than the best, and gold frames for oil paintings are the best."

Etchings, steel engravings, pastels in quiet

best."

Etchings, steel engravings, pastels in quiet tones, or a water-color occasionally, beside photographs, charcoals, and black-and-whites, admit of a wooden frame, or one of a pure, polished white, delicately touched with gold.

pure, polished white, delicately louched with gold.

In the days when American art was painfully developing frames were made of blackwalnut. But even the upholsterer and the cabinet-maker fight shy of this sombre material now. It has no grain. The great beauty of a wooden frame is the tone and grain showing through a brilliant polish.

Oak beautifully carved, and ash, are employed very effectively. Sometimes a plain broad band of plush in some neutral color forms a beautiful border. Bronze frames are very handsome too.

forms a beautiful border. Bronze frames are very handsome too.

The fashion that has sprung up recently of tying a knot of brilliantly colored stuff over the corner of a frame is hardly commended by artists. In an oil painting, the painting is the object of interest and all that surrounds it should be strictly subordinated to it, they say.

A very handsome style of frame seems to have entirely "gone out." This is the Florentine frame of carved wood. All the gilt frames to-day are made of a kind of plastic material much like plaster. This is moulded to any attern.

material much like plaster. This is moulded to any pattern.

Handsome gilt frames are expensive. One about 12 by 8 costs \$25. Poor artists feel this drain upon their resources. An unframed picture if like an unmounted gem or a man in his shirt-sleeves. It hasn't its proper set-

Small, dainty aquarelles or etchings are usually set in a mat. The broad band of pure white separates the picture more from the wall than a mere frame would do and gives with the separate which its small to it a certain importance which its small imensions would not carry by them zelves.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR

of the Best Known City Chefs. At to-day's market prices the material for this linner can be purchased fot \$1.

> SHELLFIRE.
>
> Little Neck Clam Fritters.
>
> Beet Salad. BAKED.

DESSERT.
Farina Pudding.
Chocolate Cake, Grapes,
Coffee. Daintles of the Market.

Ask, 140, to 16e, hope, 25c, 1, 20e, a mutten chope, 25c, to 16e, Wallets, 28c, ber dozen. Firster, 18c, to 18c, belicken, 12c, to 20c, b. sing turkeys, 14c, to 18c, bs, 83.50 to 84 doz. Amb chops, 25c. to 28c.

Amb chops, 25c. to 28c.

Amb chops, 25c.

Amb cho Mallards, \$1 pair.
Teal, 75c, pair.
Teal, 75c, pair.
Capons, 25c, b.
Quait, \$3.50 dos,
English suipe, \$2.50 dos,
Plover, \$3 dos.
Rail, \$1.50 dos,
Rail, \$1.50 dos,
Rail, \$1.50 dos,
Rail, \$1.50 dos,
Palbits, \$25c, apisce,
Venison, 20c, to 25c,
Woodcook, \$1 pair.
Fresh cod tongues, 15c, lh,
Fresh makerel, 15c,
Sea bass, 15c.
Fresh Kenebock salmon, 75c
Fresh Spanish Mackerel, 75c
Chicken Halibut, 18c.
Cod, \$6c.

75c peck. 75c Lima beans, 20c. quart. Egg plants, 10c. Orster plant, 19c. a bunch

Strictly Correct.

[From the San Francisco Post.] 'My dear," said an irate wife to her husband. who is a famous dentist, "this is a nice time of the morning to come home! Ain't you ashamed to stagger in so late as this?"

"Why, no, dear; it is not late," replied the dentist, in an injured tone. "It is a quarter of dentist, in an injured tone. It is a quarter of twelve."

At that moment the deep-toned clock on the parlor mantelpiece rang out the hour of three.

"Now, William," sobbed the madam, "you have told me a story. It is 3 o'clock and you said it was only a quarter of 12. Oh, that I should have lived to find you out in a falsenood."

"Madam, is not three a quarter of twelve?"
And the haughty tooth-fixer strode into his dressing-room.

Black Pearls Becoming the Rage.

[From un Exchange.]
In gems the favorite now is the ruby, principally ecause the mines have been exhausted and ruble are exceedingly high-priced. Black pearls are also becoming the rage, but not for beauty, for to the average mind they haven't half the charm of the white pearl. But black pearls are freaks, and expensive freaks, and faddism must have freaks or die.

Good for the Complexion.

[From the New Orleans Pleayune.]
"Sea water is good for the complexion," is the statement of an eminent physician. This must account for the beautiful complexion of a Jack Tar who has been to sea for forty years.

apan Excele in It and Four Dellare a Monti

HOW PINE PORCELAIN IS WADE.

Probably no country in the world possesses such resources for the manufacture of fine porcelain and earthen wares as Japan. There are nearly three hundred localities, in the empire where clay is found suitable for the manufacture of porceiain matter. The constituent elements of porcelain are chiefly silica, alumina and water.

The clays used by the Japanese potters are treated by being thoroughly pounded under water in pounders which are generally worked by hand. After the earthy matter has settled at the bottom of the vessel the water is poured off and the residuum is dried and stored sway in the form of flat cakes apon boards, or as an imparpable powder in boxes. The shaping is done for the most part upon the potter's wheel, the introduction of which is attributed by the Japanese to the Buddhist priest Glo-gi Bos-saisu, born 670, died 749 A. D.

The potter's wheel in vogue among the Japanese is exceedingly simple in its construction, and consists of a round piece of hard wood well battened on the under side to prevent warping, and working upon a pivot set in a porcelain eye. The motion is communicated to the wheel in most cases by the hand of the potter himself. When other than round shapes are required crude moulds are sometimes used.

After the clay has been shaped upon the wheel it treated by being thoroughly pounded under water

round shapes are required crude moulds are some-times used.

After the clay has been shaped upon the wheel it is dried for a couple of days. It is then smoothed with a sharp kintle and converted into "bisque"; by a brief preliminary baking. It is then either painted and fired, or glazed and fired, if it is designed to be painted on the glaze. The ovens are generally constructed upon a hillside, one above the other, with the draft from the lowest to the highest, and an arrangement for firing each kiln separately. The consequence of this arrangement is that the upper kilns are the holtest, and the ware which requires the most intense heat is accordingly placed in these. These connecting kilns possess the mertis of economizing fuel, but are not always well constructed, and there is often a want of uni-formity in the heat.

placed in these. These connecting kilns possess the merits of economizing fuel, but are not always well constructed, and there is often a want of uniformity in the heat.

The Japanese display great skill in the painting of their porcelain and earthen wares. The bine color of the common ware is due to the use of cobalt. This ware is painted on the bisque before firing. The more handsome and coatlier wares are painted upon the glaze and are subjected in some cases to repeated firings. The oxides employed in coloring are those of copper, cobalt, from, antimony, manganese and gold, which are mixed with a silicate of lead and pottash and baked at a low temperature, though the oxides are also applied in some cases influxed and baked at a temperature which fluxes them and produces the desired color. French and German colors are beginning to be largely used.

I was at some pains to ascertain the prices paid for labor in the colosione and porcelain factories. The work is done by the piece, and a good turner in a pottery establishment or enameler receives from 50 to 55 cents per diem. The best painters earn from 55 cents to \$1.50 per diem. The wages are graded downward from these maximum figures to those paid boys and girls employed in the simpler operations, who even from 10 to 15 cents a day. As I have remarked in a previous letter, when speaking of the wages paid farm laborers in Japan, we of the West, with our exaggerated ideas of the worth of liabor and with the low purchasing power of our coin are apt to form false estimates when merely contemplating the scale of prices paid here. But the truth is that Japanese tastes are simple and wants few, and while from 55 cents to \$1 per diem would be accounted starvation wages in America, they in reality represent a very just and libral compensation in Japan.

I cannot better lilustrate what I mean than by relating an incident which occurred in Tokio the other day. A friend of mine was met and accosted by a Swede, who insisted upon talking with him.

What are you doing are 7

Why New York Girls Chew Gum.

the other day occupied by four pretty, atylishly dressed girls, who did nothing but laugh, chatter and on' horrori chew gum! If there is anything vulgar it is this habit which just now seems to be the rage with a certain class. I was amazed to see such ladylike-looking gris showing this habit. There is one thing that ought to prevent girls from doing this, and that is their vanity, for it is far from becoming, this everlasting chewing that seems to make one's jaws suche just to watch these chewers. I have noticed chewing gum offered for saic at the elevated stations, so I asked the boy if he sold much of it. 'Yes, indeed,' he replied, 'boxes and boxes of it.' 'Who buys it?' I asked. 'Oh, all the pretty young ladies and some old ones. They chew it as a cure for indigestion.' 'Does it cure them?' I asked. 'They think it does,' he answered. Later I made further inquiries from one who knows and ascertained that there are several factories manufacturing chewing gum, and the man who advertises extensively is making a fortune, which proves somebody onys it. At my druggist's I saw a placard: 'Real old down East spruce gum.' 'Who buys it?' I said. 'Oh. everybody; people you wouldn't dream of that wouldn't be seen cuewing it in public. They use it for promoting digestion, and the pure spruce gum does it, and it whitens the teeth. Even men uhew it after smoking. It is the best thing in the world to remove the odor of whiskey or onlons.' I became imbued with the fact that all the world were accustomed to chew gum privately, if not in public. Nevertheless, it is a vulgar habit, and and oh horror! chew gum! If there is anything were accustomed to chew gum privately, if not it public. Nevertheless, it is a vulgar habit, and one our young girls had best avoid."

[Galitpelie (O.) Special to Pittsburg Post.] News was received here the other day of a well authenticated case of spontaneous combustion that is interesting. Last Friday night a servant girl make a specialty of:

by both names, living with Mr. J. P. Keister, a
few miles below here, on the West Virginia side,
was lying asieep in bed, when a colored woman
employed in the house came to the bed carrying a
lighted lamp. Miss Cross awakened with a start, and
in doing so, threw up her hand, knocking off the
lamp oblimney, when the lamp exploded, scattering the oil over her and fatailly burning her before
who used a gailon of lineed oil in dressing her
burns. Mr. and Mrs. Keisteir slept in the room
with her and attened to her wants until Sunday
morning. Before day they were both awakened
from their sleep and found the house filled with a
came, suffocating smoke. They hastily arose gan
examined the fire-places about the house, but
could find nothing, until returning to the room
they discovered the bed on which Miss Cross lay to
be on fire. She was removed and the bed throw
out of doors, when the blaze shot up as high as the
house. The bed undoubtedly took fire from the oil
and heat of the girl's body.

Why Women Profer the Stage. named Sarah Cross, or Sarah McGoon, being called make a specialty of:

Strange Case of Spontaneous Combustie

Why Women Prefer the Stage.

[Printed Interview with A. H. Pulmer.]
"Among the applicants for entrance into the profession, are there more men or women?" " More women, of course, by about four to

" Why of course?" "Oh, I should think the reasons obvious enough. In the first place, the stage affords the only equal platform to man and woman." do not understand" -

"Yet it is simple enough. In all other occupa-tions woman's wages are less than man's; whether as saleswoman, as bookkeeper, as tailoress, even as teacher, she is always paid loss than a man for

ready, so it mattered little, and it was abso-

of the St. Johns as its lawful mistress; and that night Arthur was to come home, and meet his father's wife, without a single word of warning. We had been married privately, while he was off on an excursion of a week; and no one, except my father, had been in our confidence.

I had prepared myself with studied care to meet him, and I meant that the blow should tell. I know that I had never been more lovely than I was then; my eye had never been brighter, nor, fortunately, my heart steadier.

We were in the parlor with relatives who were our guests, when the servants announced Mr. Arthur St. John. His father stepped to the door, met him, and leading him across the room where I was, said. "This is my wife, Mrs. St. John. Arthur."

JI smiled, and extended my hand, but was careful to keep my eyes upon his face. It would not do to miss the look upon it. There was a startled, frightened flash of his eyes, his lips shut for a moment fiercely; then he said, in bland, smooth tones. "I welcome you, Mrs. St. John."

But I thought he would have crushed my hand in his.

But I thought he would have crushed my hand in his.

New were alone for a moment, he said, suddenly, under his breath: "Are you mad, or am I dreaming?"

"Neither; only you did not know why I doted upon your company so. I used to wonder whether you suspected it."

It was all false; but I had sold my soul al-

I be a woman and look upon such cowardice with indifference?

After he was surprised by finding me his step-mother, he put off his tour with some slight excuse, and remained at home with us, as I fully meant he should.

And still the play went on. If he looked into my eyes, I met and answered the look; if he wished to converse, I was ready. I made myself necessary to him in a thousand ways, and all the time treated him with that freedom which my husband's son might expect, whatever tenderness I gave him was carefully covered with some friendly words, which, however, would not prevent the poisson from doing its work.

But the cords began to draw too tightly, the grew wrestless, and the storm in his soul began to show upon his face.

"What has happened?" I asked him one evening, after we had been singing together.

"You look furious."

"The devil has me. That is all," he answered, fiercely.

"Nonsense! Sit down, and I will exorcise the devil with a song."

"Ah, Margaret, if we were but upon Sicilian shores, you and I!"

He had never dared call me Margaret before.

"Yes, I should be glad to visit foreign lands," I answered, slowly; "but your father to so the came through his teeth; he turned and strode and the clatter of the horse's hoofs upon.

In an hour he was brought in by four men, he having been thrown from his horse and fatally injured. I had him taken into his room and the physician sent for.

"No, he would not live an hour, "the does to raid, as he looked upon him.

And then I put them all out. I must see him alone now.

"Arthur!" I said, bending down and looking into the eyes which were already growing dim. "Can you hear me? Listen! A year away and, throwing his arm around my neck, he drew my face to his.

"If I must die, do not leave me. Mother, friend, whatever you are, you are dear as my own soul to me. I thought you loved me once, but I meant to know you. God has punished me for my sin. Forgive me!"

He was dead in a moment.

"You have dared the bitter cup to its drew."

"You have dared the bitter cu

the same work. On the store also is paid, no man-ter what line of work she is doing there, just as much as the man in the same line, and often more when she is more attractive or more talented. Actresses like Mrs. Booth, Miss Hehan, Miss Cogalan receive just as good, if not better salaries than the leading men of their respective compa-nies. On the operatic stage the woman are always better paid than men. No tenor ever received the compensation given to a Jenny Lind or a Patti. No actor ever received more for his work than Charlotte Cushman, Rachel, or even Barah Ber-hardt, received for hers.

Mr. Fullerton Had a Lively Time Out West but His First Love Was True to Him. | Prom. Po-dan's Philadelphia Wmes 1

few days ago, has brought to light a romanti story. Ten years ago the bride and groom were attendants at the Fourth Baptist Church, Camden. Mr. Fullerton was a leader in the Sunay afternoon prayer meetings and Miss. Ritter saug in the choir at the church services. They met frequently and their friendship soon ripened into a warm feeling. In 1877 Mr. Fullerton with several friends emigrated to the West. He took a tearful leave of his sweetheart and promised to write often to her and return for her when he had made his fortune in the great West. The party siter drifting through a number of settled pinces finally joined a colony which had taken Horace Greeley's advice and founded a town in Colorado, which they called Greeley, Fullerton soon tired of grabbing in the new settlement and went on the plains as a cowboy, but this proving uncongenial he finally obtained a commission as an assistant agent of the Ule trine of Indians under Gen. Meeker. After some months' residence among the Utes he was dispatched to Washington on an official mission by Gen. Meeker, and was surprised on his arrival there to hear of the Meeker massacre and the captivity of the women at the agency.

Fullerton returned to the scene of the massacre with a body of troops and after the famous pursuit of the Utes was instrumental in rescuing the captives. He then returned to Greeley, and, engaging in stock-raising, soon amassed a fortune. His correspondence with Miss Ritter in Camden had gradually grown less frequent, and finally closed altogether, and he became acquainted with a daughter of Gen. Meeker and finally married her. About three years ago his wite died, leaving one child. The wealthy ranchero continued to amass wealth, but his home was a lonely one and his thoughts reverted to his former friends in the East, and especially to the sweetheart whom he had neglected. He returned to Camden in January last and his friends halled him as one returned from the dead.

He found that Miss Ritter was still unmarried and true to her first love. The result was a renewal of the affections which t story. Ten years ago the bride and groom were atendants at the Fourth Baptist Church, Cam-

Tricks of a Mother-in-Law in Egypt. [From the Pittsburg Disputch.]
It is customary for the mother of the husband to

reside with the wife some time after marriage, that the honor of the man may be preserved and the wife taught by example the duties she owes the husband; but it often happens that the demure mother-in-law teaches the wife many tricks of deception and cunning. Male slaves must not enter the women's rooms, and the women may not unveil to any man who is not within the degree of consanguinity within which they are forbidden to marry; yet pretty women let the veil fall by accident where there is an opportunity for their faces to be admired and their eyes invite regard. Woman's highest honor comes to her through motherhood; to have sons exalts her to "freedom from the pains of heil," and the care of her children is her most noble duty. But she may not, by the Koran, be the teacher of the boys after they are two years old.

The Oath a Chinaman Takes.

(From the San Francisco Call.)
In the case of Ah Chuck, before Justice of the Peace Ogden and a jury, on a charge of selling Peace Ogden and a jury, on a charge of selling lottery tickets, the Justice has formulated an oath for the Chinese witness like the following: "I swear by the Chinese gods, the foreigners' god, the God of heaven and earth, that if I am a liar in this case my head will be cut off the same as this chicken's head is cut off, and that I will be drowned in the ocean and never get back to China," and white repeating the oath the Chinaman held a cleaver in his hand, with which he severed a chicken's head from the body when he had finished the words.

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Plain bedroom slippers are in felt, with or without heels.

A style for morning wear is the mule, in black or colors, in kid or Suede, with Louis Quinze heels.

A dress slipper of black kid has the high heel, and large oxidized silver buckles with roses in bas relief. The "common-sense" walking boot is always popular. It has a square toe, low heel and is made of kangaroo, with a straight Greeley, Col., to Miss Emma C. Ritter of Camden

goat vamp.

The low shoe called the "Washington" "Adonis" is suitable for house or street wear. It is in red, with black patent-leather vamp and plain steel buckle.

One of the prettiest styles for house and evening wear is the bronzed Oxford tie. It laces neatly in front with a silk lacing to match, has the pointed box toe and the high heal

A pretty boot has the London pointed toe, and the "Boston boot" has a toe neither square nor pointed. The boot is made of kangaroo leather and the extension sole is neatly stitched. Very stylish, pretty slippers for evening wear are in bronze. The newest style, the sandal, has a strap buttoning over the instep on which is a bow of bronze-colored ribbon and a large bronze buckle.

Another style is the low-cut black setin slipper, with toe embroidered in steel. The "Judic" is also of black setin and ties over the instep with broad black setin ribbon. Both of these slippers have the high Louis Quinze heel.

Quinze heel.

For street wear over-gaiters of jersey cloth will be much worn during the winter. They come in black and tan color, are very neatly made, and reach only to the top of the boot. They are made to order for ladies who want them to match their walking-dresses.

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RICHARD III. Next Week—A PARLOR MATCH.

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Next Week—THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

FATHER AND SON.

KNEW that night that Arthur St. John loved me as a man can

love but once in a would stand in between our lives.
For this I hated him; and for this I vowed I would be revenged.
There is but a line between intense love and intense hate. That lifetime: but I knew,

easily; and the look which had frozen my blood and stricken my soul into such awful silence, could not now be recalled. Yet, how I had loved him; and, worse, how I had carly for playing the fool under my roof!"

yielded to his tenderness! This proud, haughty man, who had wound the tendrils of my heart about his own, who had made me so wholly his that life without him was worse than death; and, harder and more humiliating to remember than all, who had read my innocent soul like an open book, and, perhaps, exulted in its knowledge—ah, let him beware! His day had been, but mine was coming. He had looked upon me, smiled beckoningly into my eyes, loved me, and now, at last, he dared to scorn me! He should see that only a brave man could do that!

I walked across the room; and, opening an

between our lives.

For this I hated him; and for this I vowed I would be revenged.

There is but a line between intense love and intense hate. That line I had already passed. My heart was cold and resolute as an executioner's line I had already passed. My heart was cold and resolute as an executioner's line is hould see that only a brave man could do that!

I walked across the room; and, opening an ebony box, took out a jewelled crucifix, and pressed it to my heart. I am not a Catholic, but a saintly nun had placed that image around my mother's neck upon her wedding day; and when she died, a year afterwards, it was taken from her, to be preserved for the tiny waif who had thus sadly commenced its motherless life. You see, it was fitting that I should cross hands upon it now.

Afterwards, I went below to my father. There were only he and I; and we were more like close friends than father and daughter. He would have sold himself to have purchased my happiness; and I—what would I not have done for him? He was writing as I not have done for him? He was writing as I of the company to this?" he was writing as I of the company to the

swered, quietly.
"But that look in your eyes! It kills me,

"It will not kill me until I have done my work," I answered, resolutely. "Your daughter is made of sterner stuff than that, I trust. Not for any man's scorn shall my cheek lose its color or my heart its courage!" "Oh, my child—my child!" he groaned, sinking into his chair and covering his face. "I tell you that I can bear it," I answered; "but I must have gold and a position equal to his. Therefore—are you listening?—I shall marry St. John's father."

There was not an atom of color left in my

of the St. Johns as its lawful mistress; and

from the room, and, five minutes after, I heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs upon I be a woman and look upon such cowardice